

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

With
AL MALE



IN a moment of sheer brilliance... you know... one of those occasions when one has sort of got one's tongue loosened and just can't help saying "clever things"... or perhaps you don't drink... in which case you don't know... Well... in a moment of sheer brilliance, I once called baseball "The Bawl-Game." Since then I've made its acquaintance, good and strong, and claim to know at least as much as the next man who has never seen a game and wouldn't even know it from darts, in any case.

Having established my right to speak about the game, I feel justified in asking for complete silence, whilst I expound.

No, I won't expound—why should I? 'Twould be far better if I took you back to my first "try-out"... if I can, myself, bear the thought of it.

"Lights, Sound." Let it go—Roll 'em!

The scene is a typical newspaper sports-room, with its usual hubbub and atmosphere of the pub. A weary, lacerated enthusiast is fully convinced that not only is the head the heaviest part of the body, but that the reason for same is that it happens to be the densest... yes... both ways.

Right... let's go... What, again?

The Martyr

"Boy, wheel my bath-chair closer to the desk. Thanks; I think I can manage now. Steady... s-t-e-a-d-y."

Yes... drop that tea, like gentle rain-drops from above, into my parched throat, and don't ask me what's wrong... let me figure it out myself first.

Now... let me see... when and where was I last conscious? Ah... like a flash, I've got it.

Let's Go

Romford Stadium... and the reason... to play baseball.

"Howdy, Al," said coach Evans, "there's some togs... see you on the diamond."

Well, the diamond looks positively docile and kind of dwarfish from the stand, but, unfortunately... and what most sports fans overlook... you play a game on the pitch, and not from the comfort of the pavilion.

COME TO THE BALL GAME

From the batter's plate I caught a glimpse of the distant First Base, and innocently asked, "How many miles to First Base?" "Ninety feet, you sap," said Evans, all polite like. "Here's your bat."

Have you ever faced a machine-gun firing cannon-balls? Then you know just how I felt.

"Pitch easy, Hart," said Evans to pitcher Ormsby, and Hart obliged. That pitch was so easy that I blushed to hit it, but Evans had got my goat and I meant to show him.

"Swish"... and both catcher and myself, caught in the slip-stream, prostrated ourselves, unbaseball-like, almost entangled in the safety net.

Making a "Hit"

"Another daisy pitcher," said Evans, making no effort to disguise his disgust, "and for Pete's sake try to hit it this time, Al." Did I hit it? I'll say I did. My left eye came right out to meet it fair and square. A "homer," did you say? Well, maybe a convalescent homer. I dunno yet.

"Take a walk to First Base,

Al... That's your reward," said the over-generous Evans. "O.K.," said I. "Lead me to it."

Standing on First Base, you know, you watch the batter and hope he's going to give you a chance to run to Second, or even Third, Base, so I watched (through my remaining eye) Tait, and prayed for a "three-bagger" at least.

Squeeze Play

Well, Tait hit it all right. Right into the hand of pitcher Ormsby, who threw it to First Base, and there was I trapped between First and Second, victim of the "squeezing-play" I had so often admired. But I didn't worry. ... Hell! I'd played Rugger, and even if I wasn't a red-white-or-blue at baseball, I was no mug.

I got those guys all tangled-like, waiving and ducking like a Jimmy Wilde running circles round Carnera (like... mark you... but not half so darned successful... anyway). Through closed eyelashes I spotted Second Base, for a split second.

Splitting even the split second, I made a dive for the bag. Of course, in Rugger, you dive at full stretch, with ball in hands—sort of stretching yourself over the line. That's exactly what I did.

In baseball... you dive feet first. In fact, you don't dive... you SLIDE. There's no difference in the SPEED at which you arrive, so you needn't worry about that, you chaps... but there's a hell of a difference in the result of the dive, on your anatomy.

To put it more lucidly... the seat of your pants can stand just a little more gravel scraping than the average complexion... yes, even if you ARE hard-faced.

"Feeling better now, Al?" asked manager Archer Leggett, who, having seen a sand-storm on his beloved diamond, wondered what the heck was wrong sort of thing, and casually decided to investigate. "That was some dive... but that gravel doesn't give much, you know, Al... at least, nothing more than gravel-rash. Take it easy, boy... Like a drink?"

"Yeah," I said. "Give me a drink... make it iodine... guess it's the quickest way of getting at these lacerations."

Still, I'm no quitter, and fancied I could at least catch... hadn't I astounded the villagers at home with my super boundary stuff, when we beat Squire twenty years cum last Whet Monday it were? So I donned the catcher's glad-rags face-guard included, and took up my position behind the plate.

The Last Straw

Even the best intentions are misunderstood.

"Hold it," yelled our cameraman. "Just what I want... I never did get a decent picture of Zoo baby Jubilee I craved for... You've supplied the missing link to my series."

That remark, from a pal, was too much... My ego deserted me, and with it all my hopes of out-ruthing Babe Ruth.

Since then I've dived into baseball from the Press-box side... it's much healthier, and I've learned to like the game.

If I haven't taught you chaps anything, I'm sorry... there's such a lot to learn, you know.

I get around

By
RONALD RICHARDS

"GETTING Around," I meet people from every walk of life—people on the way up, people who have reached the top rung and are still there, people who have got to the top and fallen down, and people who have never moved from their starting places.

I think some of these folk might interest you, so from time to time I will introduce them to you. If there is anyone in particular you would like to meet, let me know.

I can think of no one more interesting to start with than Miss Hazel Wilson.

Hazel is a nurse—you know, one of those heroines who for a few shillings work sixty hours per week. To introduce her, let me tell you a story.

Hazel was a probationer nurse at a county hospital less than twenty miles from London. She used to work from seven a.m. until eight p.m. At night she would probably play table tennis for a couple of hours, or perhaps she would have to swot for an exam. It was a quiet life, with little or no money, it was true. But still, she felt she was helping Christianity a little.

The broken men

The quiet of the hospital was shattered one morning by a convoy of ambulances and army lorries.

The convoy consisted of thirty vehicles, and in them were nearly three hundred broken and maimed men. Some of them dead.

Hazel, with every other night nurse in the hospital, was out of bed in a flash and was at her war station—her

ward. She had been in bed only an hour, but she worked another fourteen hours before Matron told her to take a breather. That fourteen hours was something Hazel will never forget.

She was only a probationer then, so she was not qualified to dress wounds; she just made beds and carried bed pans and mopped up blood.

She was a nurse, and she enjoyed helping those poor creatures who could not help themselves.

And some went away

Many of the intake died the first two days, and more in subsequent days. Many of them were mended and sent away.

When they went away, some to their units, others to their homes, they spoke about Hazel and the other nurses. Many of them wrote letters and thanked them for saving their lives.

The newspapers and some M.P.s praised them, too. More recently they got them a three-shilling rise in pay. But soon they (the newspapers and M.P.s) forgot, and Hazel was still getting less than ten shillings a week for saving limbs and lives. Some of the chaps didn't go away then. Some of them never will. They stayed on, and Hazel stayed with them.

A very close acquaintance of mine—we could call him Tom, Dick or Harry—was one who stayed on, and he told me more about Hazel.

He had a bullet in his leg, and, like his arms, which were also broken, it was set in plaster and suspended from the ceiling. He couldn't do a thing for himself like that. He couldn't shave, he couldn't cut

his toe-nails, and he couldn't even read because it was impossible to turn the pages of a book.

"But Hazel did all that for me," he said. "Just as she used to brush my teeth and write my letters for me."

Hazel, he told me, had two afternoons off each week. Usually she would go back to the ward and read to the blind and write letters for those who couldn't use their hands. Hazel

did that, and so did most of the nurses. They did it because they were nurses.

Well, that is the story. You have met Hazel Wilson, and in meeting her you have met most nurses.

Hazel has left the hospital now. She is a staff nurse at an aircraft factory. In her care are over a thousand men and women. They, as did the boys from Dunkirk, confide in Hazel and ask her advice on matters that they would never discuss with a doctor. They do that because Hazel is a nurse.

Before we say so-long to Hazel, may I take the liberty of saying something from my acquaintance, and from all the thousands Hazel has helped?

May I say, "Thanks, Hazel"?



Periscope Page

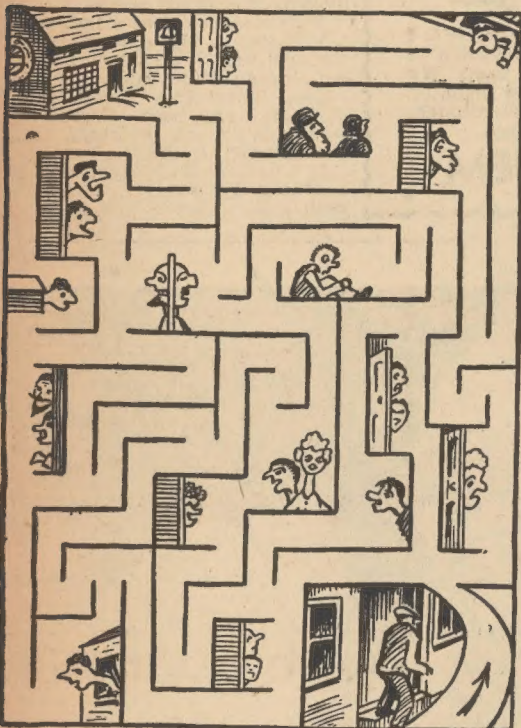
WANGLING WORDS—1:

- 1.—The word EVE reads the same backwards and forwards. How many more such words (of any number of letters) can you find?
- 2.—Apart from those unhandy names for complicated chemical compounds, one of the longest words in the English language is STRAIGHTFORWARDNESS. Can you find a longer one?
- 3.—Change the word ONE into TWO, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word at each alteration. Change in the same way: OAT into RYE; LAKE into POND; HAND into FOOT.
- 4.—NORBITON is one of the most prolific suburbs of London. Without disturbing the order of its letters we can get from it NO, NOR, OR, ORB, ORBIT, BIT, IT, TO, TON, ON. Can you find a "mother-word" with six such children?

Answers to Wangling Words—10

- 1.—Orange and Month are rhymeless. You will find others.
- 2.—Mausoleum, Parallel.
- 3.—HARE, HARK, HACK, SACK, SOCK, SOAK, SOAP, SOUP.
- GRASS, CRASS, CRESS, TRESS, TREES, FREES, FREED, GREED, GREEN.
- EYE, DYE, DIE, DID, LID, CAT, COT, COG, DOG, DIG, PIG, PEG, PEW, SEW, SOW.

A QUICK ONE



Bill Smith slipped out for a quick one at the local, but had a job to avoid the prying eyes of his neighbours. As a matter of fact, he managed it without being seen by more than three persons. Which way did he go?

How to write Verse—4

By LOUIS MacNEICE

RHYME, as I have said, is not of primary importance. It is, however, in English verse very often a considerable asset—being attractive in itself and also pointing the meaning. Take the epigram-cum-epitaph:

"Here lies the preacher, judge and poet Peter,
Who broke the laws of God and man and Metre."

This would lose all its punch if, for the word "metre" you were to substitute an unrhymed word, such as "rhythm" or "number."

The trouble with rhyme is that, in our language, most pairs of rhymes have already been used so often. Modern poets, to escape from the boredom of this, very often use "bad" rhymes, e.g., "cat" and "mate" (as distinguished from pure rhymes—"cat" and "mat").

The inexperienced versifier, however, should begin by practising with pure rhymes, but he must remember NEVER to put in a word MERELY because it rhymes. It must be in key with what he is trying to say, e.g., if you begin a love poem—

"When I encountered with my love—"

beware of falling for the stock rhyme "dove." "My heart was like a cooing dove" may not be at all what you mean; it is much better to think again and put something like "My heart began to pant and shove."

If, however, you can get no rhyme word which really fills the bill, you must scrap your first line and allow for some different rhyme, e.g.:

"The day that first I met my girl
My heart was in a — swirl."

From "Good Morning" Museum

★ GEORGE'S EVENING OUT—6 ★



"COME on," says George to the girl-friend. "We can't spend all night at the Zoo. We must get a move on. I've booked seats at the moving pictures."
(A London Zoo scene in April, 1910.)

Books, like proverbs, receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have passed.
Sir W. Temple
(1628-1699).

EASY PICKING

The accompanying diagram represents 17 toothpicks arranged to form six squares. The puzzle is to take away six of the toothpicks so that only two squares remain. Better give up if you can't do it in 10 minutes.



Figure These Out

"I want 100 cigarettes," said Mr. Phew to Mrs. Phew. "Will you buy for me 40 Stinkos and 60 Puffos?"

He handed her 8 shillings, but Mrs. Phew made a mistake and bought 60 Stinkos and 40 Puffos. She had to contribute 8d. of her own. What are the respective prices, per 100, of Puffos and Stinkos? The answer is given below.

Here is a little money problem for you to argue about. Brown sets out in a taxi to travel from A to C. At B, which is half-way, he picks up Jones, who shares the rest of the journey with him. The fare comes to ten shillings.

Now, Jones had half the taxi for half the journey. Should he, therefore, pay half-a-crown? Or should he pay 3s. 4d., which is half as much again as Brown pays?

You may reach a satisfactory agreement, though it is illegal.

JANE



NEMO of the NAUTILUS

Adapted from Jules Verne's famous Novel

THE *Nautilus* resumed her imperturbable southwardly course, following the fiftieth meridian with considerable speed. Did it mean, then, to reach the Pole?

On the 14th of March I perceived floating ice by 55° of latitude—merely pale debris from twenty to twenty-five feet long, forming reefs over which the sea curled. The *Nautilus* kept on the surface of the ocean. Ned Land, who had already fished in the Arctic seas, was familiar with the spectacle of icebergs. Conseil and I were admiring it for the first time.

During this navigation amidst the ice Captain Nemo often kept on the platform. He attentively observed these solitary regions. I saw his calm look sometimes change to an animated one. Did he say to himself that in these Polar seas, interdicted to man, he was at home, master of unbounded space? Perhaps—but he did not speak.



The temperature was rather low. But we were warmly dressed in furs that seals or Polar bears had furnished us with. The interior of the *Nautilus*, regularly heated by its electrical apparatus, defied the most intense cold. Besides, it had only to sink some yards below the surface to find a supportable temperature. Two months earlier we should have experienced perpetual daylight in these latitudes; but we had already three or four hours' night, and by-and-by there would be six months of darkness in these circumpolar regions.

On the 15th of March we passed the latitude of the New Shetland

and New Orkney Islands. The captain informed me that formerly numerous tribes of seals inhabited them; but the English and American whalers, in their rage for destruction, massacred even mothers with young, and left the silence of death where life and animation formerly existed.

On the 16th of March, about 8 a.m., the *Nautilus*, following the fifty-fifth meridian, crossed the Antarctic Polar Circle. Ice surrounded us on every side and closed the horizon. Still Captain Nemo went through one passage after another, and still more southward.

"Where can he be going to?" I asked.

"He is following his nose," answered Conseil. "After all, when he cannot go any farther he will stop."

However, on the 16th of March, ice-fields absolutely barricaded the road. It was not yet the ice-bank, but vast ice-fields cemented by the cold. This obstacle could not stop Captain Nemo, and he threw himself against the ice-field with frightful violence. The *Nautilus* entered the brittle mass like a wedge, and split it up with a frightful cracking noise. It was the ancient battering-ram hurled by infinite power. Pieces of ice, thrown high in the air, fell in hail around us. By its single power of impulsion our apparatus made a canal for itself.

Violent showers assailed us during these days. During certain thick fogs we could not see from one end of the platform to another. The wind veered round to every point of the compass; the snow accumulated in such hard heaps that it had to be broken up with a pickaxe. The temperature of 5 degs. below zero covered the exterior of the *Nautilus* with ice.



Under these conditions the barometer generally kept very low. It even fell to 73° 5'. The indications of the mariner's compass could no longer be relied upon. Its needles indicated contradictory directions whilst approaching the southern magnetic pole, which must not be confounded with the south of the globe. It was then necessary to make numerous observations on the compass, placed in different parts of the ship, and taking an average. But often the reckoning had to be consulted to know our whereabouts—a very unsatisfactory method amidst the sinuous pass whose landmarks so incessantly changed.

At length, on the 18th of March, after many useless assaults, the *Nautilus* was positively blocked up. It was no longer stopped by either streams, packs, or ice-fields, but an interminable and immovable barrier, formed by icebergs soldered together.

"The ice-bank!" said the Canadian to me.

There was no longer the slightest appearance of sea or liquid surface before our eyes. Under the prow of the *Nautilus* stretched a vast plain covered with confused blocks, looking like the surface of a river some time before the breaking up of the ice, but on a gigantic scale. Then over this desolate scene a savage silence, scarcely broken by the flapping of petrels' or puffins' wings. All was then frozen, even sound.

"Sir," said Ned Land, "if your captain goes any farther—"

"Well?"

"He will be a clever man."

"Why, Ned?"

"Because no one can pass the ice-bank. He is powerful, your captain, but, confound it! he is not more powerful than Nature, and where it has put limits he must stop whether he likes it or not."

"That's certain, Ned Land, and

Continued on Page 3.

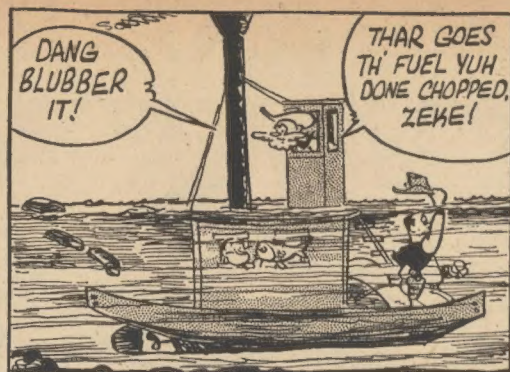
QUIZ for today

1. What is a liger?
2. All of these words but one can be found in the Bible. Which is that one? Post, Pillar, Box, Letter, Collection, Circular, Stamp, Mail, Delivery, Parcel, Express.
3. What famous writer had a mineral named after him?
4. Where is the highest tide in the world?
5. Which British sovereign laid out a racecourse?
6. What is a tundra?
7. Who wrote (a) "The Black Arrow," (b) "The Black Tulip," (c) "The Black Dwarf"?
8. How many farthings weigh an ounce?
9. What are the measurements of an Association football pitch?
10. Where are (a) Middlesborough, (b) Middlesbrough?
11. How much does Mae West weigh?
12. What extinct prehistoric animal still provides a saleable material?

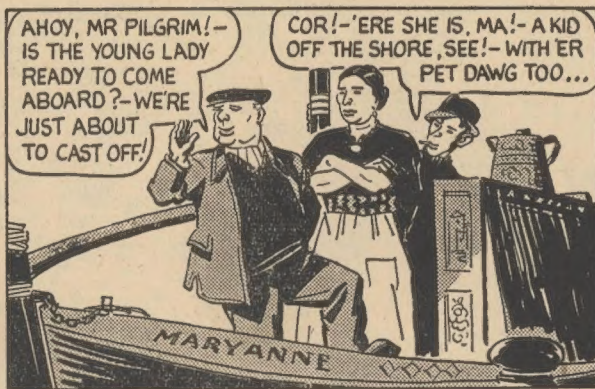
Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Stephen Crane, Conan Doyle, De Vere Stacpoole.
2. 36 m.p.h.
3. All of them.
4. A sweet-smelling ointment.
5. For badger-digging.
6. Canada.
7. One only.
8. Between 9 p.m. and 6 a.m. Outside those hours he is a housebreaker.
9. The first mention of it is in a pamphlet dated 1886, under the name of "Beritch, or Russian Whist."
10. Chaucer.
11. Charles II, at Newmarket.
12. From the Hindu word for a goose—"Mugh."

Beelzebub Jones



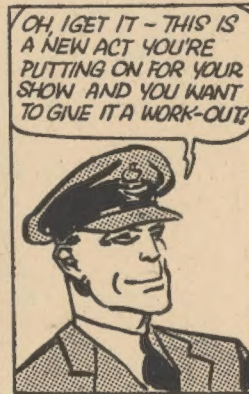
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Continued from Page 2.

yet I should like to know what is behind that ice-bank! A wall; that is what irritates me the most."

"Well," said the Canadian, "it is well known what is behind the ice-bank."

"What?" I asked.

"Ice, ice, and nothing but ice!"

"You are certain of that fact, Ned," I replied, "but I am not. That is why I should like to go and see."

"Well, professor," answered the Canadian, "give up the idea. You have reached the ice-bank, which is already sufficient, and you won't go any further, either you, your Captain Nemo, or his Nautilus. And whether he likes it or no, we will have to go up north again—that is to say, to the country of honest folks."

In fact, notwithstanding all its efforts, notwithstanding the powerful means employed to break up the ice, the Nautilus was reduced to immobility. Generally, if you cannot go any farther, all you have

to do is to go back. But here going back was as impossible as going on, for the passages had closed up behind us, and if our apparatus remained stationary long it would soon be blocked up. That is what happened about 2 p.m., and the young ice formed on its sides with astonishing rapidity. I was forced to acknowledge that Captain Nemo's conduct was more than imprudent. I was at that moment on the platform. The captain, who had been observing the situation for some minutes, said to me—

"Well, professor, what do you think of it?"

"I think we are caught, captain."

"Ah, professor!" answered the captain in an ironical tone, "you are always the same! You only see obstacles and difficulties. But I affirm to you that not only will the Nautilus be set free, but it will go farther still!"

"Farther south?" I asked, looking at the captain.

"Yes, sir, it will go to the Pole."

"To the Pole!" I cried, unable

to restrain a movement of incredulity.

"Yes," replied the captain coldly, "to the Antarctic Pole, to that unknown point where all the meridians of the globe meet. You know whether I do all I please with the Nautilus."

Yes. I knew it. I knew that man pushed boldness to temerity. But was it not an enterprise absolutely insane, and that none but the brain of a madman would have conceived?

(Continued to-morrow)

"Learning by study must be won;
'Twas ne'er entailed from
sire to son."

Gay.

"Knowledge is most surely
engraved on brains well
prepared for it."

Rousseau.

"Mind unemployed is
mind unenjoyed."

Bovee.

Answer to Century Mark Puzzle

67		50½
29½		49¾
3½		
100		100

Dost thou love life? Then
do not squander time, for
that is the stuff life is made
of.

Benjamin Franklin.

Most women have no char-
acters at all.

Alexander Pope.

Blushing is the colour of
virtue.

Mathew Henry
(1662-1714).

THEY SAY— WHAT DO YOU SAY?

FURNISHING THE HOME.

THE furniture for living and bedrooms is fundamentally unsuited to standardisation or mass production. To realise this it is only necessary to visit any institution, from a Government office to an orphanage, and notice the gloom inspired by the furniture.

Freda White.

ENGLAND?

I SUPPOSE the word "England" means something slightly different to each of us. But probably for most of us it brings a picture of a certain kind of countryside, the English countryside. If you spend much time at sea, that particular combination of fields and hedges and woods that is so essentially English seems to have a new meaning.

Lieut.-Commander Peter Scott.

DOWN UNDER.

SO long as men have pioneering blood in their veins, Australians and New Zealanders will defend their young democracies with a jest, with bravado—and even an irresponsibility that is often akin to greatness. That's the Anzac tradition.

Lloyd Ross.

FEAR OR DUTY.

LIFE is affected and conduct influenced by two things: Duty and fear. But of the two—contrary to our usual and faulty notions—the pre-eminent influence is duty, not fear.

Rev. Cullen Young.

PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.A.

EVEN in ordinary times, it matters to other countries who is elected President of the United States, but in 1944 the choice of America's President will have almost as much importance to the world at large as to America itself.

Raymond Gram Swing.

A NATION'S RIGHTS.

ONE of the general ideas forming part of the "contemporary climate of economic opinion" is that countries ought not to invoke the rights of sovereignty to resort to measures which are harmful to other countries without at least consulting them beforehand.

Oscar Hobson.

COLONIAL DEVELOPMENT.

THE next step in colonial development must be an improvement in the condition of life of the inhabitants of the more backward areas. An increase in the real purchasing power of the colonial peoples should also benefit the industrial nations.

Theresa Cahane.

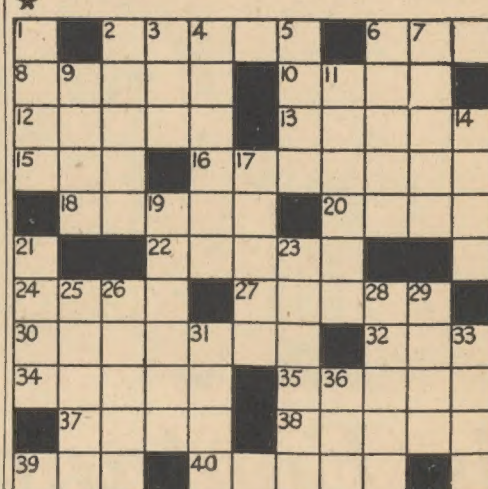
XENOPHOBIA.*

THE war has done much to mitigate the traditional xenophobia of the British... there is surely encouragement to be found in the now fairly general desire for information about foreign countries... The main, or at least the first, obstacle to understanding is the monstrous preconceptions with which the British have so long been beset. Has any nation in the world so rich a vocabulary of xenophobic depreciation? Frogs, Chinks, Wogs, Dagoes, Bolshies, Shonks, Babus... the list is interminable.

(* Xenophobia—a fear, or strong dislike, of what is foreign or of foreigners.)

Philip Toynbee.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 2 Stem.
- 6 Duty.
- 8 Vehemently.
- 10 Golf club.
- 12 Donor.
- 13 Looks after.
- 15 Girl's name.
- 16 Outcast.
- 18 Blow.
- 20 Besides.
- 22 Big sea fish.
- 24 Waistcoat.
- 27 Rows.
- 30 Raised in rank.
- 32 Tree.
- 34 Governor.
- 35 Buzz.
- 37 Girl's name.
- 38 Shc.
- 39 Bird.
- 40 Looks furtively.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Kitchen herb.
- 2 Irish County.
- 3 Hasten.
- 4 Make wealthy.
- 5 Acquaintance.
- 6 Of musical pitch.
- 7 South American mountains.
- 9 Kind of fur.
- 11 Reconstruct.
- 14 Spill.
- 17 Edible fish.
- 19 Stableman.
- 21 Past.
- 23 Conundrum.
- 25 Ooze out.
- 26 Reception room.
- 28 Land measures.
- 29 Warbled.
- 31 Light vehicle.
- 33 Ardent.
- 36 Upholstery fabric.

SEWS SPRIG
W LEISURE I
AHEAD MOVER
ROCKET CELL
DOTS MULES
T N FUR G
SEW VINEGAR
PRIMERS ONE
ASTER TARTS
T TASSELS T
STYLE REEFS

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

AN AMUSING SPECTACLE

The "call to arms" has always had its attractions, but when one can see it through rose-coloured glass, as apparently this child can, then, boy, oh, boy! it's just irresistible. And the parson can't do a thing about it. A case of drop it or stop it, if you like.



Maybe they wouldn't scoop the pool at Crufts, nor would they adorn a West End drawing-room. They're gipsy dogs, and life for them is pretty hard, and underneath those rough coats beat the hearts of true friends.

OO-ER— VITAMINES

Well, the camera never lies, but we still think it looks a pretty tall story. If that stuff goes much higher, it'll be back home in the "Milky Way."



This England

No stretch of imagination is required. Actually, hay-harvesting in Kent. But it might just as easily have been Durham, Lancashire, or any county to which one belongs. In these days, harvesting means more than ever before. But who knows that better than submariners?



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Looks like rain!"

